

Point out the purpose of these sentences, bearing in mind all the things you can remember.

ix.

Viola has a pet kangaroo called Bruno, who "runs" errands. In fact he hops, like all kangaroos, and beats all the longjumpers at Bon Vista Community College, where he is at on a scholarship. Bruno can say two things: "Viola sent me," and "put it in my pouch," and works part-time as a trash collector. He's very happy and Viola is very impressed, letting him crouch on the back of her motorcycle. But since Bruno's "the man," she's gonna teach him how to ride the bike himself, so he can drive her around.

x.

Medals are falling. They're noisy and everyone's frightened, waiting for them to stop. There's about two feet of them per square inch and the whole town has been declared a disaster area. Soldiers are being sent in to take care of them.

-- Nichola Manning

Long Beach CA

ALL'S FAIR:

IN RESPONSE TO LOCKLIN'S "THE WOMEN HAVE WON"

there are many who don't approve of my drinking. a tree or two, that I know of, personally. and all those strange or estranged people who honked or gestured with upraised finger or even, in one case, a whole forearm, when I made my sojourn from long beach to the wilds of l.a. yesterday

my dinner date, a most iron-willed young man, soon regretted suggesting that I drive, and began by gasping "jeez" once or twice, soon going to "that's illegal" and "I have a wife and baby."

I responded that people had been honking at me all day and would he please stop, it was making me tired and this could result in a loss of concentration. "jeez," he said again.

my friend and attorney managed to advise me on my problem in the car and at the restaurant before the won ton soup was consumed; he estimated, all told, that proceedings would take perhaps a year. he warned me against men, and against further angering my spouse. we made a deal that I would ghost-write his memoirs of the "bawdy years" in Amsterdam, which he detailed extensively through dinner, in technicolor. when he finished, I commented I could see what he meant about men. there came at once a "you're not safe with me either." there were reduced comments on my driving on the ride back to westwood, and a debate about jazz guitar and astrology. I left him at UCLA and my car rolled cooperatively onto the 405, in harmony with the stream of lights moving back toward long beach. thoughts went speed limit right along, from galaxies and astrological patterns to the tales of a college boy living in a whorehouse in Amsterdam, to the deep-voiced warning about the dangers of "men." I thought immediately of the thick-armed man who thrust his middle finger out his car window at me earlier, and the colleague i'd had lunch with who'd bought me a flower, and my honored counsel clutching the carseat as I zipped in front of a bus onto the freeway. so I had been duly warned against men, by a man, no less, with a sense of fair play. I noted my exit and swerved on home towards the spouse, who would, no doubt, be asleep, unsuspecting. on the table lay a letter from gerry about women responding to my letter about women responding to his poem about women, and a bill from the gynecologist. I thought of the day's men I had barrelled through with my car. men on the road, men in restaurants and in government offices, men in parking garages and in envelopes on my dining room table, and one, indeed, sleeping in the bed upstairs. men I had angered and flustered and enticed and confused and ignored. at least five of whom I had kissed that day (and only one with a semblance of passion). I had rifled through them all, carelessly, wanting and getting something from each.

someone, with a sense of fair play, ought to warn the men against me.

-- Judy Salinas

Long Beach CA

THE VORTEX

Somewhere out of the distance, unwinds the tense braided sound of a tornado, causing the dog to circle whimpering and the chickens in the yard to test their stumpy wings. The lights flicker in the kitchen, as dark clouds roll and collide, as chaotic as oil stirred into running water. An old pickup truck pulls to the side of a dirt road. Pa and Jimmy, both in overalls, get out fast, running for the deep ravine of the creek bed. Above, a black fist is hopping thumb down across the fields, rubbing out structures, like occasional ants on a checkered tablecloth. Ma and the young ones are in the cellar, holding on to the pickles and preserves. Nobody dares to cry.

Just at the moment when the sky screams and the fist snubs out the ravine, jumping next to the house, which splinters, like a match box under a heavy boot, Dorothy, always ready, lying on her back in the pig sty in between, clicks off a roll capturing the whole event, launching her career in journalism.

SOMEBODY

Somebody looks in a mirror in the morning, thinking how much she resembles somebody in the movies, something chic she had seen in a store window or on television. Later, she hangs up the receiver of the telephone, convinced that she talks like the lyrics of a popular song playing on the radio. When making love, she is pretty certain that she undresses like a centerfold, moves like a peep show. In bed alone at night, she curls up tiny and content, assured that she is cradled in big, strong hands.

-- Greg Boyd

Sepulveda CA